

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE

CURIOUS
CONCEITS OF
THE FUNNY MEN
SEEN AND
DESCRIBED

The genius of Padlock Jones that enabled him to arrive at exact conclusions from apparently irrelevant circumstances was well shown in the celebrated Walkley kidnapping case.

Padlock Jones sat in his office one morning when there was a knock at the door and a tall military-looking man rushed in, grasped the great amateur detective by the hand and exclaimed:

"Help me, Mr. Jones. I know you can find my boy if he is still above ground. I am Col. Walkley of the Ninety-eighth Regiment. Find my child and I will give you all I have in the world."

"Don't want it," answered Padlock Jones, emptying his pipe. "You may tell me about the kid, however, and I will see what I can do for you."

Col. Walkley paced the floor for a few moments and then in a tone of suppressed agitation said:

"The boy is my only child. My every thought and hope is centered in him. When I came home last Tuesday and was told that he had been kidnapped I felt senseless in my chair. His mother, his grandmother and his six aunts who live with us were also prostrated. So you can understand what his loss means to us."

"Now let's have the facts," said Padlock Jones.

"Very well," replied the Colonel. "Last Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock my boy and his nurse were on the stoop and about to start for the park when the girl was called back by my wife. Georgey was left on the stoop alone for less than five minutes, but when the nurse returned he was not in sight."

"The police were notified and the detectives found a boy who said he had seen a tall, dark man speak to Georgey while the nurse was absent, give him some candy and walk off with him. That is all they have discovered yet and is probably all they will ever discover."

"How old is your boy?" asked Padlock Jones.

"Just 4 years old," the Colonel answered. "He is the brightest and most intelligent fellow in the world and we all worship him. No child has ever had more love and care. When my wife and I were not getting him his grandmother and his six aunts were hovering over him. Yet he was kidnapped."

Padlock Jones filled his pipe again and fell to thinking.

"Been gone four days," he mused aloud. "Man knew where he got him and yet didn't."

Padlock Jones paused for a moment, and then, slapping his knee, cried:

"It must be! Nobody else could have done it!"

"What?" exclaimed the father. "Do you know who?"

"Just wait till I go to the telephone," Padlock interrupted.

Within five minutes he returned. "Well, Colonel," he said cheerfully. "My deduction is right so far. Within an hour I hope to be able to tell you where your child is. You may sit here or call in after."

"No!" I'll stay right here," the Colonel rejoined, trembling with impatience. "Tell me what have you discovered?"

IN THE SUBMARINE DENTAL PARLOR.



Impatient Patient—Wow! Do you call that painless dentistry, you lobster, you!

PERCY VISITS CONEY ISLAND.

A DAY OF EXPERIENCES FOR A DEVOTED YOUNG COUPLE.

Difficulties of the Trip, of Getting Something to Eat, of Having Their Pictures Taken in a Tent During a Storm—Final Catastrophes for Maud.

Percy had been requested so often by Maud to take her to the wonderful realms of Coney Island that he finally concluded that in order to keep on good terms with his best girl he would make the trip on Sunday. After paying his room rent and laundry bill, in addition to buying a meal ticket, he had a bankroll which consisted of four paper dollars. It was a small fortune in his estimation, and when he called for Maud bright and early in the morning he had mapped out a glorious time.

They made their way hastily to the Bridge entrance. A dense crowd stood near the trolley loops, where every moment there was a free fight in which the women and children got the worst of it. Percy looked the situation over and then said to Maud:

"As soon as a Smith street car comes along, I'll push you aboard of it and get a seat. Here comes one now!"

With the appearance of the car there was a volcanic eruption, it seemed. Men grabbed other men and wrestled all over the pavement. Women lost their hats, children screamed and trolley employees yelled.

Percy took Maud around the waist and tried to drag her to the car. A gigantic German burled Percy and Maud aside with one sweep of the hand, and then threw four little Germans armed with sand shovels and tin pails into the car with a sweep that took their breath away.

"How dare you push me!" exclaimed Percy, in a rage.

"Look out, you're talking!" roared the German. "To der vood! To der vood!"

"Well, have to wait for the next car, dear," said Percy to Maud, who was trying to keep her hat on straight.

"Say, young fellow," a youth with a flat-topped derby growled, "why doncher take der gal by der elevated upstairs, say, hey?"

"I guess I will," replied Percy, who led the way upstairs.

Maud followed, her face pale and her hat over her nose. The elevated platform was packed. A train came in and the mob swayed back and forth. Men jumped through the windows dragging children after them. Women were compelled to wait until the cars were crowded. Then they squeezed onto the platform.

"Let's stand on the edge of the platform, Maud, then we can get in the next train," said Percy as the crowded cars rolled off.

The heat was terrific. Another Coney Island train did not arrive for twenty minutes. When it came to a stop, Percy was swept away from the platform's edge, while Maud was hurled through the gates by half a dozen men, one of whom said with gruff politeness:

"Give the little lady a chance."

"Percy, where are you?" shrieked the girl.

"Here I am," cried her escort, who was struggling with the crowd.

"Who's yer pushin'?" snarled a big fellow who thrust his face into Percy's and glared at him. "Who's yer pushin'?"

"I'm not pushing anybody. I'm trying to get into the car where Maud is."

"That's Percy's reply as he turned white."

"Well, all right, cully," was the ruffian's retort. "Let it go at dat. But if I tort youse wuz pushin' me a purpose I'd bust your lumps and send yez to der hospital wid more broken bones dan yer'd see! Yez fell out'n a car on der tracks. See! Where is der gal, anyway?"

"In that car there!" Percy yelled. "In there!"

"Well, in yez goes! Now, all toggeder!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the man took Percy by the shoulders, jammed him through the fighting throng, knocked down two women and a man and landed him in the middle of the car before he could catch his breath.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, sir!" Percy gasped, as Maud clutched his hands.

"All right, me boy. Where is yez goin'?"

"To der island?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I'll see yez down der, I guess, and I'll take yez around to me fren's Billy de Goat. He's got a swell'er of a hotel. Best on de isle."

"We should like to go," murmured Percy, looking frightened.

"He's terrible!" whispered Maud, as she tried to move away.

The train was under way and there wasn't standing room. Men were smoking cigars and pipes. Women were nursing infants,

THE BABY MADE THEM SLEEP.

When He Was Away the Family Had Nothing With Which to Sing Itself to Sleep.

"Yes, the folks are all pretty well, thanks," said the tired-looking family man in answer to his friend's inquiry. "That is to say, they're as well as could be expected. You see they've lost a good deal of sleep lately on account of the baby."

"What! Lord bless you, no! Tain't the baby's crying that keeps 'em awake. Why, the baby's up in the country with its mother. 'Had to send 'em away. Baby needed the rest. That's why the rest of the family can't get to sleep."

"You don't understand? Well, I'll tell you."

"It all started because my wife's mother insisted on rocking the baby to sleep every night. She's awfully fond of children, anyhow, and particularly this one, because, although he can't talk a word yet, he once made public a series of noises that to her ear sounded like 'grandmother.' To me it sounded more like 'dambrother,' but, whatever it was, it made an awful hit with the old lady."

"Well, every night after that she'd take the baby, plunk herself down on a rocking chair, and start off on some such game as, 'See-see-see, my little one.'"

"Now, my wife's mother's temperament fairly oozes music, but the baby takes more after me and wouldn't know an adagio from a minor from a dinner whistle in Harlem."

"So, of course, any lullaby the old lady'd hand out would appeal to her a good deal more than it did to the baby. While she'd keep getting sleepier and sleepier the baby'd become frettier and frettier."

"Consequence was that at the end of an hour or so she'd be fast in the arms of Morpheus, while baby'd be making bigger holes in the silence than ever before."

"When matters would reach that stage, my wife's sister Mary usually tip-toed over and took the baby from her mother's arms. 'She belongs to three or four mothers' clubs and knows a heap more about children than the baby's own mother does."

"My wife, being married, you know, hasn't got the time for all that sort of thing."

"But Mary's 'Over-the-Western-sea-ee-ee' song didn't seem to make much more of a hit with the boy than the little vocal gem which his grandmother rendered. Finally when Mary had succumbed to her own soothing influence, Jennie would ask permission to take a hand."

"Now, you'll think I'm knocking my wife's relations, but I'm not at all. Jennie's an awfully nice woman. The only thing is her voice."

"When she was young she had one of those very high sopranos, and it's become more and more so and lost weight as she's grown older. Hence, after hearing her sing, you wonder what made the canary bird talk so gruff."

"But, anyhow, after all the others had taken a whack at soothing my responsive son, Jennie would always butt in with her little song recital. As I've intimated, her voice isn't exactly suited to lullaby music, and she would usually take at least five numbers before the sandman could be persuaded to back up at her eyelids and dump his load."

"By the time she got to sleep it used to be 11 o'clock, and it always took at least fifteen minutes after that to convince the baby that the house had really quieted down for the night."

"I had a letter from my wife the other day saying that the baby was making up for lost time and pounding the pillow to beat the band. Of course, I was glad to hear it, but it certainly does seem tough that the rest of the family should be left without any one to sing themselves to sleep on, doesn't it?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know," said the village philosopher "but it's always hardest to get things into the heads that, according to what's in 'em ought to have the most room."

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IN THIS CASE 'T' WAS BETTER TO BE LATE.

Charlie Wunpore was late to Miss Gobbleson's dinner last night, owing to a pressing engagement at home.



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"Who Could Blame It?"

"My sword of highly tempered steel. Once caused me lots of trouble. It lost its temper in a fight. And bent up almost double."

From the Adventures of Lookjaw Bones.

The footprints clearly showed that the criminal was a one-legged man with a wooden stump. Beyond that the local chief of police could deduce nothing.

A tall, thin man, clad in a velvet smoking jacket, stepped forward and glanced at the impression, left by the wooden stump.

"The grain shows it's oak," he said calmly. He whipped out a microscope and examined the print more closely.

"Not only oak," he added, "it's Charter Oak. Go, get your man."

"But supposin' his leg is Charter Oak," protested the local chief, "what's all that got to do with it?"

"What's Charter Oak got to do with it?" Lookjaw Bones made a gesture of despair.

"Did you never hear of Charter Oak Lunch Room? Charter Oak Laundry? Charter Oak Barber? Charter Oak?"

"Don't you see your man must be from Hartford? Come along, Swatson. We're wasting time here."

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A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

The Strange Adventures of Cynthia Starlight, Prima Donna.

CHAPTER I.

THE CROSSROADS.

"Alone in the great city! So this is New York at last!"

C